

St James News: Thought for the day – Friday 10 July, 2020

Poems about trees – by Revd John Marshall

Could I share two more poems about trees and Jesus.

Trees by GA Studdert Kennedy

Once glittering green,  
    With dewy sheen,  
And summer glory round them cast;  
    Now black and bare  
    The trees stand there,  
And mourn their beauty that is past.

    Look, leaf by leaf,  
    Each leaf a grief  
The head of Autumn strips them bare  
    No sound nor cry  
    As they fall and die  
Because they know that Life is there.

    Be stiff and strong,  
    The winter long  
All uncomplaining stand the trees  
    God make my life,  
    Through all its strife  
As true to Spring as one of these

    So I would stand,  
    Serene and grand,  
While age strips off the joys of youth;  
    Because I know  
    That, as they go,  
My soul draws nearer to the Truth.

    He is the Truth,  
    In very sooth,  
The Word made flesh, who dwells with men

And the world shall ring  
With the song of Spring  
When thy soul turns to the Lord again

When God's soft breath  
That men call death  
Falls gently on thy closing eyes,  
The youth, that goes  
Like the red June rose,  
Shall burst to bloom in Paradise.

- From The sorrows of God and other poems

Also from the Sorrows of God

Indifference

When Jesus came to Golgotha they hanged Him on a tree,  
They drove great nails through hands and feet, and made a Calvary  
They crowned Him with a crown of thorns, red were his wounds and deep  
For those were crude and cruel days, and human life was cheap.

When Jesus came to Birmingham they simply passed Him by,  
They never hurt a hair of Him, they only let Him die.  
For men had grown more tender, and they would not give Him pain  
They only just passed down the street, and left Him in the rain  
But Jesus cried "Forgive them, for they know not what they do,"  
And still it rained the winter rain that drenched  
Him through and through;

The crowds went home and left the streets without a soul to see  
And Jesus crouched against a wall and cried for Calvary.

- GA Studdert Kennedy

This poem resonates with the story in [Matthew 25](#).

Song: [Christ be our light by Bernadette Farrell](#)

**Prayers:**

Looking to Jesus, let us run the race that is set before us.  
Rooted in the faith of the saints, let us keep an even pace.  
Grounded in catholic love, let us rejoice in God's grace. Amen.

*John Wesley (1703-1791)*

Gracious and loving God,  
help us to learn history's many lessons for our own day;  
enable us to respond to the good news of Jesus Christ by building bridges  
of healing and hope;  
assist us in recognising that all are precious children in God's eyes;  
and teach us, O God, the profound challenge of responding to the good  
news that "there is no longer Jew or Greek, there is no longer slave or free,  
there is no longer male and female; for all ... are one in Christ Jesus."  
Amen.

*David Hinchliffe, Channel Islands District Chair (Quotation from Galatians  
3:28*